

survived by six children and a number of grandchildren.

Tucker: August 8, 1916, at the home of her husband, Mr. Thomas W. Tucker, near Kearneysville, W. Va., Mrs. Jennie Tucker, after a long illness. She had been a member of the Baptist church.

Verner: Mrs. Jane Y. Verner, widow of Lemuel Verner, died suddenly at her home, Retreat, S. C., August 15, 1916, in the 79th year of her age. She united with the Presbyterian church in early life and for fifty years was a faithful member at Retreat. A true mother in Israel, her children rise up and call her blessed.

White: Mr. N. L. White died at his home near Westminster, S. C., October 7, 1916, after a long illness. He was 72 years old. A Confederate soldier and a member of the Presbyterian church.

CHARLES MORTON RICE.

On Tuesday morning, the 3rd of October, 1916, at his old home near Douglas church, Prince Edward County, Va., Mr. Chas. Morton Rice, departed this life for his heavenly home. He was the son of the late Frank and Mary Rice and had passed the 69th "mile stone of life" the day before his journey ended. For years he had been a faithful and devoted elder in Douglas church. For the last two years he had been in failing health and unable to perform his accustomed tasks on his place but he attended his Master's House of Worship with usual regularity until the few last months, when failing health deprived him of this privilege. His farewell to his family, telling them that he would shortly leave them for Home and his mother was a sweet testimony of his trust in his Saviour.

His second wife, Mrs. Ella (Allen) Rice, two sons and three daughters survive him. These with a multitude of relatives and friends mourn our loss.

REV. M. B. SHAW.

Rev. M. B. Shaw passed to his rest at his home at Centerville, Miss., October 6th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Mr. Shaw was the son of Rev. Benjamin Shaw, who was for many years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Woodville, Miss., and was a pioneer preacher in Arkansas before the Civil War. He graduated at Oakland College in 1861, and soon after was married, and immediately enlisted for the war. He was captured at the fall of Port Hudson, and taken to Johnson's Island, where he was held prisoner to the close of the war. Upon his return home he soon turned his attention to the ministry, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Ouachita in 1872. He immediately removed to Louisiana, and his whole ministry has been spent in connection with the churches of Clinton and Jackson, La., and Centerville, Miss., and churches contiguous to Mississippi. His last work was at Bethany church, Miss., which he resigned about a year ago on account of increasing infirmity. He is survived by his wife and four children: C. M. Shaw, of Louisville, Ark., Mrs. N. Smylie, of Franklin, Ky., Mrs. Maria Kiblinger, of Jackson, La., and Mrs. Ethel James, of Shelby, Miss. His grandson, Rev. Theo. Smylie, is pastor of the Presbyterian church of Welch, West Va.

REV. WILLIAM LEE LOWRANCE, D. D.

(Adopted by Presbytery of Western Texas.)

When on Wednesday, March 22, 1916, the wires flashed across the State the word that Dr. Lowrance had died, suddenly, at Floresville, Texas, a wave of sorrow accompanied the

message; for he was widely known in all the walks of life, and to know him was to love him.

A man of fine native ability, of broad culture, of wide experience, of studious habits, of thoroughness in what he undertook, and at the same time of such a genial personality, and so attractive in his social intercourse, as to make of him a universal favorite.

Profound in his convictions, unswerving in his devotion to the truth, dauntless in its defense, and tireless in his energy, his title to leadership was quickly recognized by his fellowmen, and its responsibilities were often thrust upon him.

Loyal to Christ and his church, sincere in his love for humanity, ample in his intellectual equipment, sound in his logic, rich in spiritual experience and gifted with a persuasive eloquence in his pulpit ministrations, he was an able and successful minister of the word.

When a man like this is taken away, with one accord we are ready to say, "A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel."

Great in the simplicity and triumph of his faith. Great in the strength of his convictions and the consistency of his life. Great in the Christlike gentleness and humility of his renewed nature. Great in the loyalty of that love in which he held his family, his church, his country, his friends and his fellow men.

Gone from us for a season, he will be sorely missed in those associations which his presence adorned and enriched. The family will miss the wise, the tender, the devoted, the beloved and honored father. The veterans of "The Lost Cause" will miss the loyal, gallant, chivalrous companion and fellow-soldier. The social circle will miss the tonic and charm of a delightful personality. The ecclesiastical courts will miss the prudent counselor, the profound jurist, the accomplished parliamentarian. The church will miss the richness of the instruction and comfort of an able minister of the gospel; and all who knew and loved him will sorely miss their friend. Our consolation is in the Christian's Hope, which sustained him through life's vicissitudes, and which he sought so earnestly to communicate to others.

William Lee Lowrance was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, July 27, 1836, and on the day of his death, had reached the ripe age of 79 years, 7 months and 25 days. Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he was a Presbyterian by inheritance, as well as by conviction. In early youth, he assumed for himself the vows taken for him by his parents at his baptism, and his life was one of consistent piety. In early manhood, he recognized, what he believed to be, God's call to the gospel ministry, and entered Davidson College with a view of preparing himself for that work. Though delayed in its realization, the desire to serve God and his fellowmen in the preaching of the Word never left his heart. In 1861, while still an undergraduate, the war between the States called him to the service of his country; and as captain of a North Carolina Company of volunteers, he enlisted under the banner of the Southern Confederacy, and served with characteristic devotion and gallantry throughout the war. He was soon made Colonel of the 34th North Carolina Regiment, and at Gettysburg, was the senior officer in command in Gen. Scales' Brigade, and led the charge which captured the Heights in that memorable battle.

He was in many other battles, and was seriously wounded three times, but through it all the Lord preserved his life for what we believe to be the larger service of his later years.

At the close of the war, he located in Mississippi, where he taught school for a time, and afterwards became a merchant and planter. He served two terms in the State Senate, during the days of reconstruction, where he did efficient service, and was for a time its presiding officer. He declined a nomination as Congressman for his district, and withdrew from politics, as his ambition did not lead in that direction.

On March 15, 1865, he was married to Miss Sarah Cordelia Stewart, a member of the old Hopewell Presbyterian church, near Oxford, Miss., of which he was subsequently made a ruling elder. As devoted wife and mother this lovely woman was his companion for 42 years, when Christ came for her, and she preceded him to the "Father's House."

On account of malaria, in 1881, his health demanding a change of climate, he removed to Texas, and settled at Weatherford. With recovered health, the view of the great home-mission field of Texas, aroused in his heart the slumbering call to the gospel ministry. Being urged by his pastor, the Rev. L. B. Chaney, not to wait for deeper conviction and fuller preparation, he offered himself to the Presbytery of Dallas. The Presbytery found that in addition to his college work, he had acquired in the school of experience, that competency of human learning, and that wisdom and prudence, which we seek to impart to our young men in schools of special training. Already an efficient Ruling Elder, of long service, he was now ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry, and in the maturity of his manhood realized the aspirations of his youth.

For some thirty-four years, his subsequent life was marked by abundant and successful labors, in the midst of which, Austin College, fittingly, conferred upon him the honorary title of D. D.

We cannot in this brief memorial attempt any detailed account of his numerous labors. An outline is the most that we can offer. Beginning his work as city missionary of Ft. Worth, he organized Broadway church, erected its first house of worship and served for a time as its pastor. At a later date he went to Dallas as city missionary, where he laid the foundation for Westminster and Colonial Hill churches, organized the church in Oak Cliff, built its house of worship, and served it as supply and pastor for nearly 17 years. The needs of the weaker churches always lay near to his heart. There was a call that he could not deny, and at different periods in his ministry he gave his services to the churches at Mexia, Cotton Gin, Decatur, Forney, San Saba and Quanah in central and northern Texas. It was at this latter place that the results of a severe illness made it necessary for him to seek a lower altitude and a milder climate. Thus he came south in 1912 to the Presbytery of Western Texas. Here he found happy employment for his time, application for his wide experience, and outlet for his remaining energy in supplying vacant churches in its vast Home Mission field. To his faithfulness and efficiency the churches at Brownsville, Mercedes, San Benito, Aransas Pass and Floresville can bear grateful testimony. His work was always both instructive and constructive and was therefore of an enduring character.

It was while thus engaged at Floresville that the summons came swift and painlessly, as he had desired it, and he answered the Master's call which said "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A. H. P. McCurdy.
San Antonio, Texas.

Story Corner

Use Full Time

A young lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of burglary in a State where the court rules allow each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near. "How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury?" he asked in a rather pompous manner.

"Take the full hour," was the gruff reply.

"The full hour? Why, I intended to take only fifteen minutes."

"Take the full hour," repeated the old lawyer.

"But why?"

"Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."

Not Insectivorous.

An Irishman had just "come over," and, being hungry, went to one of the swellest hotels in New York. When the waiter appeared to take his order he said: "Bring me the best you have."

After being gone a few minutes the waiter returned with a glass of water, a bunch of celery and a lobster.

When about time to check him up the waiter returned to the customer, asking why he had not eaten his meal.

"Well," replied the man, "I drank the water and smelled of the bouquet, but I couldn't go the bug."

"Going Up Front."

The district trustee was addressing a school in Ohio.

"Children," said he, "I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night and day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

During the pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard:

"I know—it's the gas meter."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

All to do Over Again.

It is an open question if the old fisherman in the following story ever got the right answer to the problem that was puzzling his head. A writer in Everybody's Magazine, at least, leaves one in doubt on that score. The riddle was this: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling?" The old fisherman had worked on it for some time.

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" he asked, at last.

"I didn't say mackerel; I said herring," explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the other. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

The Real Answer.

"Whom does the baby resemble?" "Every other baby that I ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

Impatient.

Lawyer—"You say you want this damage suit pushed through with the utmost speed?"

Client—"Exactly. I have a child six weeks old, and I want the money to pay his college expenses."—Gar-goyle.